TO HIS
Royal Highneſs
THE
Duke of York,
UPON HIS
RETURN
To the *Care* and *Management*
OF THE
NAVY of *ENGLAND.*

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XVII

To his Royal Highneſs
THE
DUKE of YORK.

GREAT Sir, till now I with impatience ſtaid,
To ſee what Muſe her early Homage paid;
Which doubtleſs all, but the ſeditious few,
Allow to our much injur'd *York* is due:
And am with wonder ſeiz'd, you are ſo long
Un-importun'd by the *Poetique* throng.
For Faction oft, and vainly they Engage,
They ſcatter Songs, and trifle on the Stage,
For Malice, or for Bread, they always Write,
The Great with well-plac'd flattery delight,
In Libel, or Lampoon exhauſted quite.
Ungrateful Muſes! not one Line afford?
When our lov'd *Charles* has to his Right reſtor'd
The Nations Darling, and the Oceans Lord.
With Juſt contentment all good men beheld
The *Hydra* of the Rebel-Faction quell'd.
Like Heav'nly vengeance it was ſure, though ſlow,
Which we to *Cæſar*'s ſteady Virtue owe;
That Virtue, which unſhaken as a Rock,
So long has ſtood the bandying Parties Shock:
Till mercy much abus'd, did late conſent,
To Puniſh thoſe who never would repent.
One only thing was left unfiniſh'd yet,
At once our Joys, and Safety to compleat:
Which our great *Pilot* ſaw, and ſtrait commands,
The Fleet be reſcued from unskilful Hands.

Whom ſhould he chuſe for this important Truſt,
But one Experienc'd, Valiant, Prudent, Juſt?
In whom he finds a Brother, and a Friend,
To him deſerv'dly does he recommend
Thoſe Ships, his Courage could ſo well defend.
When neighb'ring *Carthage* dar'd our Seas invade,
Diſpute their Homage, and diſturb our Trade:
Our *Engliſh Scipio* to whom *Rome*'s muſt yeild,
With Shame repuls'd them from the Watry Feild.
His gen'rous Soul with eaſie Victory cloy'd,
Humbled that State, he could have quite deſtroy'd.
Spar'd only to be Monuments of his Fame,
They tremble ſtill at mention of his Name.
Both Leaders thus their Countreys Foes ſubdued,
Both paid alike with baſe Ingratitude:
Rome hers, and we our *Hero* would exclude.
Miſtaken Patriots ignorant and Proud,
With furious Zeal may bawl in Senates loud;
Religion there, and Property may uſe,
As Words of Art the Vulgar to abuſe;
But if in higher Stations they appear,
They loſe their way, and act beyond their Sphere.
Men born t'improve ſome little Countrey Seat.
Have Souls too narrow to direct a Fleet.
This *Cæſar* found, and e're it was too late,
Took from their Shoulders the unequal weight.
A Burthen he himſelf alone can beare,
Or *York* who now ſupports the mighty Care.
York our protecting *Genius*, by kind Heaven,
To calm our Fears, and growing Tumults given:
From many dangers ſav'd, himſelf to be
His Countrys laſting, beſt Security.

F I N I S.